IT MUST BE A TENDER COUNTRY

by Louise Gluck

It must be a tender country where they tend
their lives, and full of hands to hold
and nowhere to get lost in
but in love.

I can watch them picking apples beyond my light, beyond my sight; from behind my window watching air,
I sometimes hear the sunlight ringing in their hair.
But I am still too young to go beyond my light, beyond my sight, and I am not allowed to leave
from behind my window
or to leave
my life....

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JKS 7/21

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